

# LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

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BY

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## EXTRACT

From the preface to a work, lately published in Baltimore, entitled, "American Domestic Cookery, by A Lady."

In every rank, those deserve the greatest praise, who best acquit themselves of the duties which their station requires. Indeed, this line of conduct is not a matter of choice but of necessity, if we would maintain the dignity of our character as rational beings.

In the variety of female acquirements though domestic occupations stand not so high in esteem as they formerly did, yet, when neglected, they produce much human misery. There was a time when ladies knew nothing *beyond* their own family concerns; but in the present day there are many who know nothing *about* them. Each of these extremes should be avoided: but is there no way to unite in the female character, cultivation of talents and habits of usefulness? Happily there are still great numbers in every situation, whose example proves that this is possible. Instances may be found of ladies in the higher walks of life, who condescend to examine the accounts of their house-steward; and, by overlooking and wisely directing the expenditure of that part of their husband's income which falls under their own inspection, avoid the inconveniences of embarrassed circumstances. How much more necessary, then, is domestic knowledge in those, whose limited fortunes press on their attention considerations of the strictest economy! There ought to be a material difference in the degree of care which a person of a large and independent estate bestows on money concerns, and that of a person in confined circumstances: yet both may

very commendably employ some portion of their time and thoughts on this subject. The custom of the times tends in some measure to abolish the distinctions of rank; and the education, given to young people, is nearly the same in all: but though the leisure of the higher may be well devoted to different accomplishments, the pursuits of those in a middle line, if less ornamental, would better secure their own happiness and that of others connected with them. We sometimes bring up children in a manner calculated rather to fit them for the station we wish, than that which it is likely they will actually possess; and it is in all cases worth the while of parents to consider, whether the expectation or hope of raising their offspring above their own situation be well founded.

The cultivation of the understanding and disposition, however, is not here alluded to; for a judicious improvement of both, united to firm and early taught religious principles, would enable the happy possessor of these advantages to act well on all occasions; nor would young ladies find domestic knowledge a burthen, or inconsistent with higher attainments, if the rudiments of it were inculcated at a tender age, when activity is so pleasing. If employment be tiresome to a healthy child, the fault must be traced to habits, which from many causes, are not at present favourable to the future conduct of women. It frequently happens, that before impressions of duty are made on the mind, ornamental education commences: and it ever after takes the lead: thus, what should only be the embellishment becomes the main business of life. There is no opportunity of attaining a knowledge of family management at school; and during vacations, all subjects that might interfere with amusement are avoided.

When a girl, whose family moves in the higher ranks of life, returns to her father's house after completing her education, her introduction to the gay world, and a continued course of pleasures, persuade her at once that she was born to be the ornament of fashionable circles, rather than to stoop (as she would conc

the arrangement of a family, though by that means she might in various ways augment the satisfaction and comfort of her parents. On the other hand, persons of an inferior sphere, and especially in the lower order of middling life, are almost always anxious to give their children such advantages of education as themselves did not possess. Whether their indulgence be productive of the happiness so kindly aimed at, must be judged by the effects, which are not very favourable, if what has been taught has not produced humility in herself, and increased gratitude and respect to the authors of her being. Were a young woman brought to relish home society, and the calm delights of agreeable occupation, before she entered into the delusive scenes of pleasure, presented by the theatre and other dissipation, it is probable she would soon make a comparison much in favour of the former, especially if restraint did not give to the latter additional relish.

If we carry on our observations to married life, we shall find a life of employment to be the source of unnumbered pleasures. To attend to the nursing, and at least early instruction of children, and rear a healthy progeny in the ways of piety and usefulness:—to preside over the family; and regulate the income allotted to its maintenance: to make home the sweet refuge of a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world; to be his enlightened companion and the chosen friend of his heart; these, these, are woman's duties! and delightful ones they are, if happily she be married to a man whose soul can duly estimate her worth, and who will bring his share to the common stock of felicity. Of such a woman, one may truly say, "Happy the man who can call her his wife. Blessed are the children who call her mother."

When we thus observe her, exercising her activity and best abilities in appropriate cares, increasing excellence, are we not ready to say, she is the agent for good of that benevolent Being, who placed her on earth to fulfil such sacred obligations, not to waste the talents committed to her charge?



When it is thus evident that the high intellectual attainments may find exercise in the multifarious occupations of the daughter, the wife, the mother, and the mistress of the house, can any one urge that the female mind is contracted by domestic employ? It is however a great comfort, that the duties of life are within the reach of humbler abilities, and that she whose chief aim is to fulfil them, will rarely if ever fail to acquit herself well. United with, and perhaps crowning all, the virtues of the female character, is that well directed ductility of mind, which occasionally bends its attention to the smaller objects of life, knowing them to be often scarcely less essential than the greater.

### MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

#### THE JEWS.

MR. Goss,—You gave your readers to understand, by your prospectus, that your paper would not be exclusively a *religious* one, yet that the subject of religion, might be occasionally introduced. Having seen nothing in the numbers, hitherto issued, in opposition to this idea, I take the liberty to offer a few brief remarks on this all important subject.

So far, as I am acquainted with the history of Christianity, I am led to believe, that it never, from its first promulgation, was placed by any people on a proper footing, till the adoption of the constitution of these United States. By this, all the various sects are placed on equal ground, are equally protected by government, and the members of them, equally eligible to office. This constitution also, if I mistake not, admits all those to the honours and emoluments of office, who profess their belief in One Supreme Being. Hence Jews, as well as Christians, are, in this respect, placed on an equality.

This, I apprehend, is as it should be. For, in consequence of this, many of each sect "shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." As knowledge increases, that "charity, which is the bond of perfectness," will also increase, and christianity will appear more and more amiable in the eyes of "those who are without."

Among these, the Jews, who are persecuted, more or less, by all other

nations, professing christianity, will here find a safe asylum, will have an opportunity of intercourse with christians, on the ground of perfect equality, will probably examine its doctrines and the proofs of its divine origin, without that prejudice, which they must naturally feel in other countries, and hence, in all human probability, be induced gradually to embrace it.

I would not wish to appear enthusiastick; but I confess, that I cannot help feeling in a high degree excited, while contemplating my native country, as the land, destined by heaven to be the birth place, not only of political freedom, but of religious liberty; and the place where the millenium is to commence. Yours, &c.

MARY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

#### THE YOUNG BRIDE.

Mr. George Waller a merchant possessed of good property in Boston, had married, when upwards of fifty, Clara Somers, a young girl in her seventeenth year. He fondly loved her, tho' jealous of the admiration bestowed upon her, by the young gentlemen of his native town. She had never seen Boston, till about a month previous to her marriage with Mr. Waller, who had seen her in D—, and paid his addresses to her immediately. After their union, he was particularly careful not to introduce to his wife any young gentlemen; but his companions were chiefly men as old as himself—which rendered their society far from pleasant to his lovely young bride.

It was now the merry month of February, and the gay youth of the metropolis had formed many parties to pay their devotion to the goddess Terpsichore. Clara had always been the gayest among the gay. Left an orphan at an early age, with a large fortune, her wishes had met with little opposition from any one. Her passions, therefore, were unrestrained, and reigned with full force.

She had heard of the assemblies, so numerous at this season, and requested her husband to attend her to one of them. Here, then, he was in a sad plight—the worst thing she could have asked, and which she was least likely to obtain from a jealous man. But he dared not give the true objection, he had to her going, and, after considerable hesitation, he gave his re-

Behold our fair heroine decked out in all the bright array of fashion—her eyes sparkling with the brilliant rays of joyous expectation. Then change the picture—lo! the poor husband with slow step and frowning visage, he thinks she takes too much trouble to make herself appear to advantage—but still he hides his frowns from her, that she may not inquire the cause of them.

The long wished-for hour has at length arrived, the carriage is drawn up to the door, and with light step and high-beating heart she throws herself into it—and is soon at Concert Hall. When she arrived at the hall, so brilliant with all that riches can purchase, and that nature can be proud of, in the human race—fashion, beauty—she could hardly restrain the exclamation of rapture which rose to her lips; and she had almost forgotten her husband, so wrapt was she in the scene before her. How long she would have remained standing in this situation is uncertain, had she not heard a voice at her side exclaim, "By Heaven! she is an angel!" She turned to see from whom it proceeded, and perceived two young men of most elegant appearance, viewing her with looks, which it is impossible for those least versed in love to mistake. Mr. W—had also heard the expression, and he hastened his wife away to a seat at the farthest corner of the hall—where he hoped to screen her from observation. But beauty like hers was not to be hidden from the numerous young gentlemen, who had seen her as she passed. She was hardly seated, before one of the managers approached her with numbers, and desired her to draw for a partner—which she complied with. But oh, ye powers of love, or of hatred, had ye seen that old man's contortions as his wife gave her hand to the very young gentleman who had uttered that sentence as they entered, ye would never forget them. She was introduced to Albert S—, an officer in the army, celebrated for the elegance of his manners, and for his gallantry.

He had never seen Mrs. W. before, and thought her the daughter, rather than the wife of her conductor; and he used all the means in his power to make himself agreeable to his fair partner: in which he succeeded far too well. Pleased by his attentions, she had not the resolution to tell him she was a married woman, which she thought would at once render him



cold towards her. Infatuated woman! little did she think what a viper she was nourishing. The evening passed rapidly away to all except her husband: he sat with his head rested upon his hand, his eyes following his wife in all her movements, and often seeming to flash with rage, when he beheld her in close conversation with this young man, to whom till within a few hours, she had been a perfect stranger. He arose from his seat—advanced towards her reseated himself—and, at last complaining of sudden illness, hurried her home; but not till she had exchanged cards with Mr. S—, and requested him to call upon her. But still she was innocent; not the most distant thought of impropriety had entered her imagination.

Mr. S— called the next day, and found her alone. His conduct was respectful in the extreme. While they were engaged in conversation, Mr. Waller entered the room, and showed his displeasure at this visit in a manner too plain to be misunderstood. Ah! Mr. Waller, you should not let a rake know your wife gives you cause for jealousy. Mr. S— perceiving how matters stood left the house, and soon after found means to get a note to Mrs. W. informing her of his sorrow at being thus in a manner forbidden the house, and also wishing she might not reap ill-usage on account of his visit. This billet was couched in terms which plainly shewed the state of his mind towards her. But she *did* reap ill-usage; for her husband now kept her confined to the house, except when he accompanied her himself to some unfrequented walk. This treatment tended to alienate her affections from him—while the conduct of Mr. S—, on the other hand, led her to consider him as a friend, to whom she could confide her sorrows, and who would assuage them. O, my fair readers, I beseech you beware of choosing a confidant of the other sex—often, very often they turn to foul betrayers of innocence. Mrs. W. found means to write to Albert; and he to answer her letters. This went on for some time; till, at length, one morning Mrs. W. was no where to be found. I see poor Mr. Waller now, I see him wringing his hands—while the tears are chasing each other down his cheek. His greatest fault was, that he loved her too dearly. Three weeks had passed, and he had heard nothing from her; but on the fourth, a friend wrote

him word that he had seen her in Philadelphia. He immediately set off for that place, and on his arrival there, he found her, the minion of the villainous Albert S—. He left a challenge for Albert, which was accepted. They met. The injured husband's first fire took effect, and Albert was no more. And far better had it been for Waller, had he too, fallen, for his reason left him—and he wanders heedless alike of all things around him—except he sometimes calls "My dearest Clara."

Adown her cheek the tear repentant flows,  
Her chequer'd life is drawing to a close.  
Then let us o'er her guilt throw pity's veil,  
For man is often treacherous, woman, frail.  
Thou know'st not reader, what thy lot may be,  
Tho' now thy heart beats high, from sorrow free.

J. Q. V.

#### CARDINAL MAZARIN'S.

##### *Revenge on the Betrayer of Ferrante Pallavicino.*

The fatal end of Ferrante Pallavicino (says the French commentator on the *Nardoeana* and *Patiniana*) has been told by many authors, but I never met with so many particulars relating to it as in the following narrative, which is taken from a MS. in one of the most celebrated libraries in Paris, added to the close of a volume entitled, "The Glory of the Incognitos of Padua." It runs thus:

"Carlo di Bresche, known in Italy by the name of Carlo di Morti, was the son of a bookseller in Paris, named Pietro di Bresche. He travelled in the service of a nobleman through Italy; but his master dying on the road, Carlo went from Venice to Rome, where he was recommended to the Barberini family, as a man capable of undertaking any bold enterprise. No sooner was his character known, than he was entrusted by them with the destruction of Ferrante Pallavicino, against whom the Barberini were highly exasperated, on account of his two productions, the "*Baccinata*," and the "*Divortio Celeste*." The price of the treacherous exploit was then settled to be three thousand doubloons. Carlo on this repaired to Venice, the asylum of Ferrante, where he contrived to insinuate himself so far into his friendship, that finding him disposed to seek a refuge in France from the snares which were laid for his life in Italy, he offered himself as his fellow traveller, and was accepted. They

journeyed together as far as Orange, a city within ten miles of Avignon; when Carlo sending an account to the Vice-Legate at that place that the prey was in his hands, a party was sent to seize them both; they were conducted to Avignon, and thrown into prison. Carlo however, who had only been confined for form's sake, was soon set free, whereas Ferrante was retained, brought to a trial, and executed. Meanwhile Carlo returned to Rome, where he received the infamous reward of his diabolical treachery, partly in pictures (which were exposed to sale in Paris, at the Hotel de Fleury, now a lodging-house kept by Madame Barillon, a native of Bretagne, in the Rue des Bourdonnois), and partly in ready money. In the interim, Cardinal Mazarin, extremely hurt at the death of Pallavicino, to whom he bore much good will, directed one Canducci, an Italian, to contract an intimacy with the traitor. This the emissary brought about in the most cautious manner, by pretending to sell gloves, perfumes, and other trifles, which he bartered with Carlo for pictures and other goods. Having now settled a kind of commerce with him, he often went to his house, which stood in the "Place Maubert;" and one morning going at a very early hour, on pretence of their common interest, he complained to Carlo concerning some misconduct of his in their affairs. The which Carlo, who was then in bed, denying, the other, picking a quarrel with him, caught him fast round the body, and stabbed him in the reins with a poniard. Carlo, who was stout and active finding himself wounded, grappled with the assassin, and in the scuffle they both fell to the ground. The people of the house ran to the room, on hearing the noise in the chamber, but could not enter, as the door was locked from within. Having fetched officers of justice, and broken open the door, the murder was discovered, and Ganducci was led away to the little Chatelet, while Carlo lay expiring.

"When the story was told to Cardinal Mazarin, he gave directions to the magistrate of the police to release the prisoner, and was obeyed. Thus was the execrable villain, Carlo repaid for his more than inhuman treachery."

God spares all beings, but himself,  
That hideous sight—a naked human heart.  
DR. YOUNG.



FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Goss,—I have on hand several letters, *supposed* to have been written by WASHINGTON, the Chinese, who resided, in this town and vicinity, for a considerable time, about ten or twelve years ago. If you think the inclosed specimen, suitable for your paper, you are at liberty to insert it; and I shall consider the insertion of it, as a *hint* to furnish you with more.

Yours, &amp;c.

AMICUS.

CHINESE LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Boston, —————

Most friendly Whang-po,

I wrote to you, about ten moons ago, giving you information of my voyage from the dear land of our nativity, and my arrival on this side of the globe. The geographical situation of this country, you, as well as I, were apprized of, previous to our parting adieu. I have thus long delayed writing to my friend, that I might study the language, history, manners, customs, &c. of this singular people. In the knowledge of all these I have made some proficiency, though new objects, daily rising to my view, convince me, that it is a long and arduous undertaking to gain a thorough knowledge of their character. I shall however, as I have opportunity, occasionally send you a few sketches, which may afford you some entertainment. You will consider them, at least, as a proof of the most sincere and ardent friendship.

About two centuries ago, this part of the world, now called the United States of America, was covered with wood, and inhabited by a race of red men, who subsisted by hunting and fishing, and raising a few vegetables. At that time small colonies of white men came over from the Island of Great Britain, and took possession of different parts of this vast continent, on the eastern side, partly in consequence of fair purchase, and partly, it is believed, in a less honourable manner. The manners and customs of the whites being so very different from the reds, they soon began to quarrel, and many bloody and destructive wars succeeded. I am induced to believe, however, that the fault was generally on the side of the

whites; for the colony, which settled at a place, called Philadelphia, under the conduct of William Penn, being totally pacific in their principles and practice, lived in perfect harmony with the aboriginals; and the descendants of the two nations continued the same friendly intercourse for several generations.

Be this, as it may, the red men have gradually retreated to the westward, and the whites are continually following them, and making settlements on the land. The latter being an agricultural people, it was necessary to clear the land of the wood, which they considered, at first very naturally, a great enemy. Hence they destroyed it most extravagantly; till in the places, first settled; they are almost destitute of a sufficiency for necessary fuel, and are obliged to bring it by land or by water, a very considerable distance, and at great labour and expense; and many burn the turf, which they dig from the low lands. Had they left woodlots on those lands, which when cleared are of little service, and been tolerably economical in the use of this necessary article, they might now be comfortably supplied, within a short distance of their own doors.

Though I find I am digressing, yet I will mention, in this place, two or three peculiarities of the people, in this part of the country, who by way of distinction are called Yankees. A full blooded Yankee will never believe himself warm, unless he can see the blaze of a large fire before him. Artificial warmth is indeed necessary, at least six months in the year; and some philosophers have introduced close stoves, with funnels to convey the heat in various directions, so as to warm even large apartments, with a small quantity of fuel. But this practice is far from being universal.

Another peculiarity is, that many, instead of sawing and splitting their wood into boards and shingles, for the purpose of stopping the cracks and crevices in their dwellings, pile it in a large fire place, and saet themselves before it, almost literally roasting one side of their bodies, while the other is freezing.

I shall mention one more peculiarity, in regard to this subject, viz. that although the number of inhabitants is doubling, in less than thirty years, the wood is diminishing one half, in the same time. But ask some of the

present generation how their posterity are to be supplied with wood, while they are so lavish of it; they will answer, that posterity must take care of themselves, and quaintly ask, in the words of their most celebrated poet;

“What has posterity done for us?”

Thine most affectionately,  
WASHINGTON.

## REVIEW.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

FAZIO, OR THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Concluded.

It is at this moment the incidents begin to acquire their most interesting character; and that the presence of Old Bartolo, preceded by a groan, bursts in upon him, faint and mortally wounded, for protection against his murderers. “Six of ’em strong and sturdy, with their daggers” according to his own story, were “tickling the old man to let loose his ducats.” But they were not to be taken from him;

“Not a ducat, nay not a doit, to cross themselves withal

Got they from old Bartolo. Oh, I bleed!

And my old heart beats minutes like a clock.

Fazio. A Surgeon, friend!

Bar. Ay, one of your kind butchers,

Who cut and slash for their own pastime;

And then, God bless the mark! they would have money!

Gold, gold, or nothing! silver is grown coarse.

Finding the miser is determined to avoid physical assistance, Fazio urges him to receive that of a spiritual nature; and proposes that a Father Confessor should be called in to console his dying agonies. But to this, he is equally opposed, and the last grasp of his existence is employed in lamenting on the gold he had left behind him, just as it had derived an excessive accumulation. The untold affluence of Bartolo is now to sustain a revolution of ownership; and he who was so maddened with Philosophy, and who had consumed day and night in exertions to acquire its master secret, now gives the object of his researches to the winds, acknowledges it were sin “to wring one drop of brine upon the corse,” forgets all his honor, liberality, and disinterestedness, and takes immediate possession



of Bartolo's treasure, whose mortal remains he consigns unattended to a solitary grave.

The next scene presents us with "a hall in the Palace of Fazio;" where he is waited upon by courtiers in abundance to congratulate him on his newly acquired wealth; in obtaining which he is supposed to have,

"ravished nature of a secret

That maketh him her very paragon."

Evidently meaning to imply that his researches as an Alchymist, have at last been completely successful. These fair weather friends now buzz about him, until he is equally sick of their flattery and of themselves; they however pour in compliment after compliment, each more nauseating than the other, uninfluenced by the railery of Fazio, until he is compelled to turn upon them in the majesty of sense and reason, and extort a confession both of the vanity of their declarations, and their own worldly insignificance. It is in this way only he can get rid of such torturers of existence, after they had warbled an air in praise of the enchantment of Italy.

We now behold an interview between the Marchesa Aldebella and Fazio; the result of which is, that notwithstanding their original reserve to each other and the haughty independence the former possesses, they were permanently reconciled; and she who had been united by duty to her nearest kinsman, now unbosoms her affection, strengthened by the lapse of years, to him who is already the faithful partner of another. Fazio returns to his wife, intimates a suspicion of the gallantry of the times, and of his apprehensions that she might not remain proof to its influence, which she rebukes with becoming stateliness; and in consequence of some other remarks, in which he would seem to intend a familiarity with the Italian dames, sanctioned by her own countenance, she not unjustly accuses him of having seen Aldabella; with whom the very thought of an interview arouses all her jealousy. He leaves her with extreme difficulty and visits the Palace of the Marchesa, where we next encounter him. Here she discovers the native artfulness of her character. It is not Fazio merely, but the splendour of his vast possessions she is anxious to attain; to secure which in the height of her affections for him, she determines to enter a Convent and bury her distresses! At this crisis of

her affairs, he enters the Palace, eyes her loveliness with compassion, dissuades her from the disinterested purpose of her mind, and is finally so overcome with her beauty, as to yield himself at will, a victim of licentiousness and passion, subject to whatever destiny she may choose to direct him.

In the mean time Bianca is in an agony of suspense occasioned by his long departure, and the supposition of his having associated with the Marchesa, when a servant enters and confirms the dreadful reality. She resolves to be revenged upon her husband, and on being informed that the Duke is in council, debating upon the death of old Bartolo, departs with a determination of disclosing to them the whole transaction. While they are employed in the expression of their astonishment "that a man of such lean habits" and such exhaustless wealth should possess so meagre a treasure; she approaches, makes a full developement of Fazio's crime, declares they will find him at the Marchesa's, and requests them to bring him away without delay or compassion. He is in consequence arraigned on an accusation for the murder of Bartolo in the presence of his wife; his estates are confiscated and his death decreed by those before whom he was held to answer; uninfluenced by Bianca's declaration of his innocence and his own denial of the charge. He however acknowledges his guilt of the robbery, and is doomed to expiate his offence on the wheel the following day. We are next presented with the lamentations of a prison scene; in returning from which Bianca encounters several of the courtiers who had been so premature in their attention to Fazio on his accession of wealth, but who notwithstanding all her tears and intercessions in his behalf, pass by with indifference "on the other side." She now proceeds to the Palace of Aldebella, and exerts her influence on this proud-lipped woman which proves equally unavailing to avert the fate of the prisoner. Philario is the only being among the herd of "waterflies" who attaches himself to the unfortunate man; until the executioner appears, when having announced that "his hour was come," he receives the embraces of his wife who relaxes into insensibility, and goes out to meet the ruffian's doom.

The last scene is represented at the Palace of Aldabella, where at the

close of a Banquet attended by the Duke and other Italian noblemen, Bianca rushes in, frantic and disordered, to rail at the former's iniquity, which she successfully exposes, and renders her an object of shame and contempt let down from her exalted elevation. As an atonement for "high born baseness and dishonoured honour." She is condemned by the Duke to assume the "rigid convent vows" until she had redeemed her offences in penitence and prayer. This part of the representation, if judiciously conducted, must excite considerable interest, and it is well calculated to display the talents of an actress of commanding powers; indeed we think Mrs. Bartley as the "Italian wife," was in possession of a character peculiarly enriched with these passions and sympathies, the delineation of which has been so highly approved in many of her other personations. Her dying scene throughout, which closes the present performance by acknowledgement of Fazio's innocence as a murderer, and the promise of protection for her infant family, did not fail to be impressive; and the author is entitled to some credit who aloof from imitation, and still more from the ordinary incidents, and "lame conclusions," which too often make up this final spectacle of tragedy, shall have at least discovered the traces of an ingenious, if not a successful imagination. We have remarked in a perusal of this production that one of the characters, to be sure but little connected with the story itself, being no other than an illustration of the "Popinjays" by which Fazio was so severely "pestered," was taken altogether out of the performance; and that many of the most beautiful and interesting passages of the play were also distinguished as omissions. With regard to the former, it will not be denied that it brought into full display the dimensions and intellect of a species of beings which may rather contradictorily be denominated nonentities, or an exact memorial of those who affect to appear the "very card and calender of fashion." Harmless and inoffensive as they exhibit themselves, they usually afford no ordinary degree of amusement; and though it were impossible to shame such a set of "two legged animals without feathers," we think that especially in this age, when every thing seems carried to an extreme in the taylor's department, as well as in an affectation of



genteel behaviour, that wherever the follies in question are faithfully delineated, they deserve to be held up to the ridicule of the world. The retention of these scenes in the tragedy of "Fazio," besides affording a relief from the more sombre passages with which this and every other production of a similar nature abounds, would have imparted an interest peculiarly their own, and as such have justified their exhibition; while the entire recital of those more eloquent and forcible in their illustration, (which, notwithstanding the unusual brevity of the play are unwarrantably curtailed,) would command the additional approbation of an audience.

The author of "Fazio," as it will be seen has chosen incidents of a domestic character only for the exercise of his powers. Unlike the distorted forms and disgusting physiognomy, of that species of beings whose appearance freely sanctioned the opinion of Pythagoras.

"That souls of animals infuse themselves into the trunks of men."

The creatures of this writer's imagination as it were, live more, and have an existence in common with the offspring of mankind. The occurrences here related are sufficiently marvellous without being improbable, and gradually developed without producing embarrassment or confusion. The diction is also much above the ordinary stamp, and it appears the more beautiful when contrasted with the unnatural inflation and ludicrous imagery of minds whose only delight is in rendering themselves miserable, and whose only consolation is derived from imparting the gloomy emotions which they realize to all around them. Nor is this production, wonderful as it may seem, stained by any immorality or licentiousness, or debased by any transaction revolting to the mind; although the offices of piety should have forbidden the one, and dictates of virtue and reason, in the face of an example every way odious, have prevented the other.

A. Z.

#### AMANDA—A FRAGMENT.

When woman has lost her honour, though by the villany of man, she is considered by all, capable of every crime!—The scorn and reproach of her own sex; and the contempt of the other, she too often becomes the reluctant votary of vice; and is compelled from necessity, to live by the

wages of prostitution.—The lovely Amanda was born in the lap of luxury.—She had only to desire, and her most extravagant wish was gratified. The perfumes of the east diffused their fragrance through the splendid apartments of her father.—The most costly robes adorned her person; and the treasures of literatures enriched her mind. The servile crowd was flattered by her smile; and the glance which distinguished them was their boast, or envy. But mutable are the gifts of fortune. The breath of adversity can humble the most noble and exalted; and the success of an enterprize raise from obscurity the most lowly and unworthy. The father of Amanda confided in a villain. Lured by delusive schemes of tripling his wealth, he lost the whole.—His reason fled; and within the walls of an assylum he breathed his last.—Like summer flies were the friends of Amanda.—They quickly disappeared at the chilling inroad of indigence.—Independent of past favours, her misfortunes might have claimed a tear.—But, alas! save one, their hearts were cold as the stream of winter.—He too proved a villain.—He soothed but to beguile; and promised to betray.—He gained his purpose, and abandoned her to the world.—The fastidious prude gloried in her fall.—The clandestine adulteress turned from her with affected horror.—and now—Amanda is a wanderer of the night!! With the smile of solicitude, she courts the inwardly-loathed embraces of the abandoned drunkard; and yields to his wishes for a small pittance to prolong a wretched existence. Daughters of virtue, "misery is the efficient of charity,"—pity and avoid the fate of Amanda. Boast not the advantages of birth, of wealth, or beauty, for these are perishable.—But the advantages arising from a well-regulated conduct are lasting, and pleasure founded on wisdom endureth for ever.

W. S.—s.

Among the scenes, some tragic, some romantic, interspersed through Fingal, Temora, &c. no one story is perhaps to be found as an episode which appears in the same collection among the Songs of Selma. Daura, the daughter of Armin, has been treacherously conveyed to a rock, insulated by the sea, where she can by no means be relieved, the only boat which the coast afforded having just been lost with her brother in it, who

had hastily, without an oar, darted from the beach to assist her. And thus her father describes her fate and his own wretchedness.

"Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain.—Frequent and loud were her cries, nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore, I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind, and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak, It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired, and left her father alone. When the storms of the mountain come, when the north lifts the waves on high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look at the fatal rock. Often by the sitting moon, I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference. Will none of you speak of pity?—They do not regard their father."

The parent who can read this without being affected, must be either more or less, than a being of common sensations.

#### A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT

To ascertain the hour of the day, by suspending a shilling from the thumb into a small goblet.

It is simply this:—You place a rummer on the table, and suspend from a piece of thread, carried over the pulse of the thumb, a shilling into the centre of the circumference of the glass, about half an inch below the brim, resting the elbow on the table, so that the arm may be perfectly steady; the thread (which may be about seven or eight inches long) placed over the pulse of the thumb (the nail of course turned towards the rummer), securing the end of the thread by the first finger about half way down the thumb, so as not to interfere with the action of the pulse. It will then be seen, after a moment or two, that the shilling will move like the pendulum of a clock, till eventually it will strike distinctly against the rummer the last hour, be it twelve or one, or what it may, and no more—sometimes pausing half a minute or so before completing the hour, when more than one—after which the motion of the shilling will gradually decrease, and remain still.

## BOSTON,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1820.

We have received three anonymous letters complaining, more or less, of the matter published in our paper. As these letters are contemptible, in point of style, orthography and punctuation, and the chirography of two of them is so clumsy, that it was with great difficulty we could decypher them; we draw the conclusion, that they were not written by the best judges of literary productions.

As far as we can conjecture the meaning of these wisecracks, they dissent from each other. One writes, "*who wishes to read such nonsense as the History of Omar.*" As he, or she, here closes with a period, we cannot ascertain, whether the writer meant to ask a question or make an assertion. Further on we find, "*put something really more interesting in, for instance more Fredolpho's.*" If the writer meant to put Fredolfo's in the possessive case, as we actually find it, we ask him Fredolfo's *what*? If it is meant for the plural number, we must confess our ignorance of any other work, with the above title, than the one we have noticed. If the writer has another, he will oblige us by forwarding it to us.

Another billet, as far as we can guess, praises Omar and finds fault with Fredolfo.

What editor from censure can be free?

"Who shall decide, when"—*blockheads*—"disagree?"

As to the scrawl of "Socrates," having devoted much time and labour upon it, and finding it utterly impossible to decypher any part of it, we have returned it, as a dead letter, and a profane use of so respectable a name.

To be serious. It is not candid to judge of a periodical publication from one or two articles, inserted in it, any more than it is charitable to judge of the general character of a person, from one or two actions, in the course

of his life. We shall sedulously endeavour to furnish our readers with a variety of matter, suited to their various ages and conditions. In this world of imperfection, our paper cannot be perfect; and it is entitled to that charity, which the writers for it, and the readers of it may, with great propriety, demand, and of which we all stand in the utmost need. We conclude by observing, that no *real* friend, nor *generous* enemy, would suffer us to be *taxed by the post office*, except in cases of the most urgent necessity.

## APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.

Among the many "good things, devised" by Bostonians, we think this has a high claim to patronage. Whoever reads the life of Franklin, will find of what vast advantage a similar institution in *miniature*, was to him, and through him, under divine providence, to his own and foreign countries. We doubt not, that, in the libraries of our fair readers, there are many volumes, of little or no benefit to their owners, which, if deposited in the above named library, might be extensively beneficial. We feel confident, that this hint is sufficient to induce them to examine their books, with this object in view, and to put into circulation many volumes, which are now mouldering on their shelves; but which may become of extensive and incalculable utility if contributed to this institution.

## AMERICAN POETRY.

We are happy to learn that the citizens of Boston and its vicinity have an opportunity of proving their taste, patriotism and liberality, by subscribing for "An elegant edition of the *Poetical Works of John Trumbull, L. L. D.*" at the bookstore of Timothy Swan, No. 15, Cornhill.

If the gentlemen of this country do not come forward and liberally encourage this work, they will most richly deserve all that the European Reviewers, and "Bale and Hogshead" men have said or can say against American literature.

We confidently trust, that the ladies of New-England, will not be backward in patronizing an author, who, in so good natured and delicate a manner, satirizes and ridicules the foibles, to which their sex is liable.

## EXHIBITION AND BALL.

Among the many *just claims* on the patronage of Bostonians, we think that of *Miss Turner* is far from the least. Her modest, unassuming and virtuous private character, her exertions to assist in maintaining her aged and widowed mother, added to the diligence and ability, displayed in instructing her pupils, *demand* the attention of the friends of "the widow and the fatherless."

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

Monday Feb. 14.

Wheel of Fortune—Zembuca.

Wednesday Feb. 16.

Much Ado about Nothing—Wedding-day.

Thursday Feb. 17.

King Henry Fourth—Adopted Child.

Friday Feb. 18.

Jealous Wife—Invisible Girl—Blue Devils.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have only room to thank those friends, who have furnished original communications, and to promise that they shall receive our candid and grateful attention.

*Theatre.*—Mrs. BARTLEY'S BENEFIT. On Monday evening will be presented Shakespear's admired comedy, called, *AS YOU LIKE IT*. To which will be added the farce of *WAYS AND MEANS*.

## MARRIED,

In this town,—Mr. Lucas Parsons, mer. of Danville, Vt. to Miss Ann Maria Gibson.

Mr. Thomas Lovis, to Miss Lucy Vezie.

Mr. James Newcomb, to Miss Matilda Jarvis.

Mr. Peter De Noielle, to Miss Louisa Frances Thayer.

## DIED,

In this town.—Mr. Andrew Geyer, aged 42.

Mrs. Submit Howard, 51.

Miss Philomela Swift, 74.

Mrs. Rebecca Masters, widow, in the 96th year of her age.

In South Boston, by the fall of a clay bank, M. Daniel Feress.

At Charlestown, Miss Mercy Tufts, 22, daughter of the late Joseph Tufts.

In Dorchester Mr. Nath'l. Leeds, 40.

In Salem, Mr. Lemuel Holt, 83.

In Beverly, Mrs. Pousland, wife of Capt. Wm. P.

In Wrentham, Mrs. Thebe, wife of Dea. Asa Ware, 62.



## POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## THE SNOW-WREATH AND ICICLE.

*"Treach'rous and false; it smil'd and it was cold."*

Bright on yon cot's low eastern side,  
Secure when ruffling tempests blow,  
Gay wreath'd in white and dazzling pride,  
I mark'd a little mound of snow.

'Twas morn,—and in her rising beams  
What varied tints the pile assum'd;  
Like youth's and virtue's blended gleams,  
When first in paradise they bloom'd.

So shines the breast of innocence,  
When the white robe of peace is given;  
So looks man's soul, all free from sense,  
Reflecting back its smiles to heaven.

The evening came, and oh, behold,  
Where late so gay the snow-wreath shone,  
A freezing ice-drop, false and cold,—  
Cold as seduction's heart of stone!

And thus, I said, are shape and air,  
Unlit by light from heaven above;  
Then, maiden, keep thy features fair,  
But give me lips of purer love!

F—.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## LINES

*Written on receiving a rose from a young lady in the evening.*

Its leaves were all moisten'd with night-falling dew,  
And its beautiful lustre beginning to fade;  
Yet the rose seem'd as sweet, and as lovely to view,  
As if in the splendour of beauty array'd.

An emblem, thought I, was that delicate rose,  
While it flourish'd untouch'd on its own native stem,  
Of her, who on me the sweet present bestows,  
Adorn'd as she seem'd with true modesty's gem.

And long, like the rose, may she flourish and bloom,  
Diffusing the fragrance of gentleness round;  
And late may death's hand bear her off to the tomb,  
To rest till the trumpet angelick shall sound.

B. N.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## ON A YOUNG MAN

Whose pursuits in life were frustrated,  
In cherishing the "Demon of ennui,"  
Sunk beneath the weight of his misfortunes  
And died among strangers in a foreign land. December 1819.

Behold the poor wretch, how he totters along!  
His limbs are convuls'd and his visage is pale,  
Unheeded and heedless he passes the throng,  
While his heart to the mind is repeating his tale.

The "demon of ennui" dwells in his breast,  
And he fosters the worm preying fast on his heart,  
He loves, when the woes of his bosom molest,  
To nourish affliction and cherish its dart.

Though time has not frosted his dark shining locks,  
Nor care many furrows plough'd in his pale cheek,

Yet the anchor of hope, lost on misery's rocks,  
Has sunk his dark eye, and completed the wreck.

He looks back to those scenes, on eternity's roll,  
When the visions of bliss floated gaily along,  
Ere deceits of the world had embitter'd his soul,  
When at ease he would carelessly con the rude song.

Again is display'd the bright vision of youth,  
When fancy's swift pencil, touch'd scenes of delight—  
For virtue, reward—love, affection and truth,  
And man as intended by Heaven upright.

But knowledge has now torn the veil from his eye,  
And cushion'd by woe on the couch of despair,  
He lingers, he hopes, yet—he wishes to die,  
And shrinks from himself as he offers a prayer!

His soul has now burst from its prison of clay;  
No widow, no orphan is left to bemoan!  
No kind-hearted friend has he left to display,  
O'er his head the proud marble, or plain modest stone.

ESSEX.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Maria, with exulting pride,  
Enumerates the hearts she's won—  
Eliza, scornfully replied,  
Thine must be harder than a stone! S. X.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## 'TIS ENVY ALL,

A PARODY ON

" 'TIS FOLLY ALL."

To—

'Tis envy all—to write and rhyme,  
Of this, and that, and t'other;  
Cans't thou not better spend thy time,  
Than censuring a brother?

Perhaps thou think'st the poet's wreath,  
Around thy brows will fall;  
And if it should, the snake beneath,  
Will hiss "'tis envy all."

Then lay aside thy grey goose quill,  
Or when again you use it,  
See that no characters you kill,  
Nor e'er with lies abuse it.

With rapid steps thy mind reform,  
Pluck from thy breast the gall;  
For those whom most you wish to please,  
Can see,—"'tis envy all." L. Y. W.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## A TRUE STORY.

It chanc'd one day, as people say,  
I think, in Charlestown\* square,  
A stage did wait to take some freight;  
Which often happens there.

A man did strive between to drive  
The stageman and the road;  
But stage coach stood, like pile of wood,  
Still waiting for its load.

Now "Beverly,"† the man could see,  
All painted on the stage—  
You lazy sot, move that bean-pot,"  
He bellows, in a rage.

Stageman, in turn, replies with scorn,  
"Teamster, I'd let you work  
Your forward way, but I must stay,  
Till I take in the pork. ESSEX.  
\* A town famous for the best of pork.  
† A town famous for raising beans.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Young Julia anxious for a husband true,  
Could never fix her mind on one,  
Nothing for this fair maid must do,  
But give her company to two,—  
Each hoping not to be outdone.

One eve it chanc'd they both appear'd  
To visit this coquettish fair,  
She smil'd—turn'd pale—the rivals fear'd,  
Each check'd his passion, disappear'd,  
And left the maiden in despair. S. X.